

## A LITTLE DIPLOMAT

By GEORGE E. COBB

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Humph!" observed Miss Cella Bland, "the girl will find out that she is not coming to a palace or a playhouse. I see a very stern and difficult task before me, but I shall not swerve one iota from the path of duty."

Miss Bland was taking on a new and serious responsibility. It meant an invasion of the calm and even current of her well-regulated life. For several years she and a single servant had been the only occupants of the little old-fashioned home, and at the age of thirty, with one unfinished romance to recall, Miss Bland had settled down to definite splendor.

Her brother Ralph had gone away from his native town over eighteen years before and had married a concert singer, later a movie actress. It was only on rare occasions that he communicated with his sister, Miss Bland, with her straight-laced notions of the giddy denizens of a world all frill and indulgence, never invited there to visit her. Even when they announced the birth of a little daughter, Muriel, she preserved a chilling silence. They drifted far apart. Then both her brother and his wife died within the same month, and almost at his last moment Ralph Bland wrote to his sister imploring her to take Muriel into her charge.

Grudgingly Miss Bland had written to some kind friends of her brother who were caring for the penniless orphan, sent them money and for a week was busy preparing a room for her expected guest. Day after day, with grimly set lips and resolute decision, Miss Bland formulated plans in regard to the little lonely waif.

"We shall have a handful," she told old Mary, the household servant. "Just think what a spoiled, willful child Muriel must be, brought up in an unreal theater life and roaming from place to place! You must co-operate with me, Mary, in checking the lack of discipline and disobedience that's bound to come to the surface. We must be firm, even grim and severe. We must set the child hard, practical tasks that will count for her good."

And five minutes after the little guest entered the house all the carefully studied system of Miss Bland was smashed to smithereens. A screeching, forlorn little miss of fifteen, carrying a battered suitcase, none too well attired, Muriel stood at the threshold with big, wistful eyes viewing her stern-faced aunt. Suddenly down went the suitcase, the little pleading hands were extended.

"Oh, dear aunt, please kiss me, please hug me, if only once, to show that you love me, for you are all I have in the world now!" she quavered. "The poor yearning darling!" blubbered old Mary, overcome.

"Yes, come," unbecomingly ogressed, "I will truly love you if you only let me," and she too broke down. "And I promised papa I would mind you and help you work. He said if I ever become the grand, neat housekeeper you were, I would turn out to his heart's desire. For oh! we were so tired of roving from place to place and never knowing what home meant!"

Little Muriel, given a room to sweep, put two in order. When she did up the dishes she polished them.

Gradually Muriel brought Aunt Cella to understand that her father and mother had been rare helpful children of the world. Muriel had brought with her some of the old movie costumes. There was one dress that Muriel took the notion was particularly adapted to her Aunt Cella.

"Please try it on, won't you, to please me?" she pleaded. "You will look so nice in it."

"Perhaps I will, some time," promised Miss Bland.

One day Muriel was hailed by Robert Lang, a long-time resident of the town. Muriel had learned that he was the center of the one romance in Aunt Cella's life. They had kept company for some time when a lover's quarrel made the one resentful and the other obstinate. They had avoided each other after that.

"Little girl," spoke Lang. "You are so nice and friendly to everybody I believe you would do a kindness for me."

"Yes, sir," assented Muriel. "If it is right that I should."

"Then, listen, I am about to remove from town. I wish before I go, however, to see Miss Bland once more, if only to say good-by. Do you think she would see me?"

"When would you call, Mr. Lang?" demurely questioned Muriel, but with a great idea suggesting itself.

"Tomorrow night."

"Very well, I will answer your ring and let you in."

"Tomorrow night" was the evening when Muriel had induced Miss Bland to array herself in the dress her mother had worn. Muriel was complimenting her on her appearance when there came a ring at the doorbell. To the embarrassment of Miss Bland the next moment Robert Lang entered the room. Artless little Muriel, heart mender and friend to all humanity, closed the door upon the twin.

Robert Lang stared in open admiration at Miss Bland. Never had she looked so lovely.

"Oh, how could I have stayed away from you so long!" he cried, and in the sincerity of his genuine adoration Miss Bland knew that the ashes of an old fire of love were not dead.

## FROM THE DEPTHS

By OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

That familiar bad penny and conventional rolling stone, Morton Dale, had come back to Grafton after a mysterious absence of a year or more. He had been remembered as an idle, dissipated fellow, good-natured, willing and accommodating, but prone to fall by the wayside.

He had gone away ragged and shiftless looking. He had returned seemingly not much bettered as to personal appearance.

"Somehow his face is different," observed an old gossip. "His hand is steady and his eye clear as crystal. He don't exactly look prosperous, but there's something new about him."

"Why, yes," explained a bystander, "he says he hasn't touched a drop since he left here."

The town marshal and Judge Allen, decorous and severe, shook their wise heads, but the more humble old friends of Dale, recalling his many helpful acts of kindness, were responsive and charitable. Dale, coming into town on foot, was hailed by Tom Travis, teamster, with a hearty: "Hi there! Come back to wake up the old dead town?"

"Hardly," smiled Dale. "Just got homesick and had to see my old friends once more, if I have any."

"I'm one!" returned Travis, eying the shabby garments. "You look a little more like a man, but I don't see you wearing any diamonds, hey? You must be tired, so hop up here and I'll give you a lift. And hungry? I can spare you a dollar, if you're clear out of funds."

"Thank you, Tom," said Dale with humid eyes. "You always were a good sort, but I've still got a little change. Just drop me at Miller's, the shoemaker—an old chum, you know."

"He'll be glad," assured Travis heartily, and Miller was, and Dale's face beamed with pleasure at the greeting he received.

"I see one of your shoes is out at the toe," observed Miller. "Off with it and let me make you trim and right, and I'll put in an hour or two with you grubbing up, if you like, when I get my work done."

"I may come back later," advised Dale. "Sort of longing to see some more of my old friends."

"Ted Norris is working in the general store next door," said Miller. "He never gets tired telling how you ran a race against time for the doctor, saving his boy's life when he was bleeding to death from that cut on a sharp scythe."

And, indeed, Ted Norris declared that Dale must accompany him home that afternoon and stay to tea and all night, and took out his pocket-book, but halted a spontaneous impulse of generosity and good fellowship as he too noticed that "something new" in Morton Dale's face that somehow checked old-time familiarity.

So it was soon all over town that the wanderer had returned, and, too, was "straight as a string," and however unpromising he presented as to worldly goods, had a certain striking soulfulness in his face that caused the many old friends he met to ponder and wonder.

"How are the Rowlands getting along?" asked Dale from an old chum, late in the afternoon.

"Same as usual," was the response. "The old man is still able to work, and Dorothy's just as good and pretty as ever. Sort of fascinated in that quarter once, wasn't you, Dale?"

"More than that," replied Dale with serious candor. "Dear little Dorothy! I told her I'd never come back until drink was a dead letter, and I haven't, and it is, I wonder if she'll care to see me."

"She's home from district school teaching this week. I hear. Guess she isn't the girl to forget a fellow she seemed to like as she did you."

"Thank you," spoke Dale in a low, intense tone. "I need encouragement when the great hopes of my life are in the balance."

The sun was just going down as Morton Dale neared the humble cottage of the Rowlands. He paused, framed in the glowing radiance, standing at the gate was a golden-haired, sweet-faced girl. She saw him coming, ran towards him and clasped both of his hands.

"Oh, Morton!" she fluttered. "I heard about it. Is it true? But oh! I do not need to ask. Your face tells the story. What a happy hour it would be for your dear, dead mother, were she here to see you—redeemed."

"You are always saying good, lovely words," choked up Dale. "Are you that glad?"

"So glad, Morton," said Dorothy, trembling with emotion, "that I would go hand in hand with you to the ends of the world, poor, homeless, but happy knowing that you had found your soul at last."

Morton Dale uttered a great surging cry of joy of bliss complete.

"Oh! the blessing of friends so many, so true to me," he uttered, "for I have tried them out. And these old clothes and my seeming poverty only drew them the closer to me. Come, all of them, and you, most of all, my heart's true darling, and share with me—this!"

And with pride and gladness, the same old generous-hearted, impulsive spirit nature had made him, Morton Dale revealed a document naming Dale joint heir with a cousin to the estate of a relative which made him independent.

## A NAME REDEEMED

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

The great iron-studded gates of the prison opened and shut and the solitary figure shut out stood like a cast-away landed into a new world. There had been two years of gloom, shadow, darkness. The unaccustomed brilliant sunlight dazzled, blinded, confused.

The discharged convict looked down at the cheap, but new and neat suit they had given him, then at two unopened letters in his hand. A very unexpected and unusual circumstance had greeted him as the warden sent him forth a free man.

"Here are two letters," the official said. "One came a year ago, the other within the present month. In both instances they were inclosures, with notes requesting they be delivered to you only upon the day you were given your liberty."

Irving Disloe now turned these over and over in his hand, thoughtful, reminiscent, as he walked slowly along the path leading from the penitentiary to the street where the trolley cars ran. Here there was a bench for waiting passengers. He sat down and opened the smaller of the two envelopes. His face was expectant, rather than hopeful. It contained two lines and a signature, "Adele." It read:

"When you have fully redeemed and established yourself, write to me."

His bosom heaved and his eyes dimmed with tears as he read and reread the brief scrawl. It was some time before he opened the second letter. Its handwriting was totally unfamiliar to him. It inclosed a \$100 bill, and he stared at this in wonderment.

It began, "My husband," and his bewilderment increased as it continued: "Poor as I and the three little ones are, we spare the means of starting you in life anew. For their sake you will not come home unless time and isolation and a realization of what your temptation has brought you have combined to make you worthy of their love and respect. I shall always respect you, despite your desertion, but the present toll and deprivation would be welcome rather than that you should come back as you were—a drug maniac."

Of course, Disloe comprehended that the letter and its inclosure had never been meant for him. There were two Irving Disloes in the world, and in some way the deserted wife had learned, probably from some stray press item, that Irving Disloe was a convict. If it had ever been a worthy name, two bearing the same had degraded it. The man just released from prison bowed his head in shame as he considered this.

He could later scarcely retrace the mental or spiritual urging, or both combined, that induced him to pursue a direct course which led him to Clivden, hundreds of miles away, whence the letter signed "Marion Disloe" had been sent. As to that other Adele, heart of hope was his only. If he pursued the straight path time must prove his sincerity. There was something that appealed to him pathetically in the lines from the deserted wife. He had her money. It must be returned. She probably longed for her husband, and wreck and ruin that he had been. Yes, he would seek her out, return the money, tell his story and start out to find, to redeem the husband who, like himself, had fallen by the wayside. Ah! it would be a noble work, and the inspiration of it elevated his soul.

But there was no Marion Disloe to see at Clivden. She had died a few months previous. Nor was that other Irving Disloe to be sought for. Word had come of his death in a public institution a few weeks before. And the three little children were inmates of an orphan asylum.

From Clivden Irving Disloe, convict, disappeared for a half year. At the end of that time he returned, looking prosperous and with the confidence of a man rooted to the solid rocks of integrity in his face. He offered to assume permanent charge of the three little children, and when he gave his name as Irving Disloe those in charge of the institution supposed him to be a relative of the dead man, and he did not deceive them.

It was two years to a day that Irving Disloe, convict, had merged in a new identity. How well he had held to rectitude and to his secret pledge to be worthy of Adele Warren, his record in a new career might tell without a flaw. He was a thousand miles distant from his new home, from the three little children whom he had rescued from neglect and loneliness and placed in the comfortable little home he had temporarily left. Irving Disloe stood in the presence of Adele Warren now, relating the story of those two golden years. She who had always loved him was in tears as she listened to the narrative of struggle, hope and faith told from his lips.

"It has been so lonely since mother died!" she sobbed, and let his arms enfold her as one seeking the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land.

She was a bride that same day, and a happy one, but all her eagerness of soul went forth to join, to nurture, to love the little brood in the sweet rogemant home where they called him "papa," and where all the joy of life seemed to have fallen to her portion as they clustered to her embrace, bright jewels in her crown of womanhood while life should last.

Storing Facilities. "Brown has lots of good ideas." "Oh, yes; he's got an excellent memory."

## PIANO IN STORAGE FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

We have left in storage in North Platte a fine standard made piano. In order to sell immediately, without further delay, a big discount in price will be given. Terms arranged with responsible party if desired. Write at once to THE DENVER MUSIC COMPANY, 30-5 Denver, Colo.

## Estray Notice.

Taken up by the undersigned on his place six miles southwest of North Platte, on or about March 20th, 1926, one bay mare, one gray mare and one yearling bay colt. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges.

GEORGE LIESS, Meadow View Farm 27-6w

## NORTH PLATTE General Hospital.

(Incorporated) One Half Block North of Postoffice. Phone 58

A modern institution for the scientific treatment of medical, surgical and confinement cases. Completely equipped X-Ray and diagnostic laboratories.

Staff: Geo. B. Dent, M. D. V. Lucas, M. D. J. B. Redfield, M. D. J. S. SIMMS, M. D.

## DR. HAROLD FENNER Osteopath Over Hirschfeld's

Office Phone 333 Res. Phone 1020

## ROBERT A. PHILLIPS

Plumbing and Heating Contractor. I am prepared to do all kinds of plumbing and heating. All materials and work guaranteed. Estimates cheerfully given. Shop and Residence 1303 East 6th St. Phone Red 458

## Dr. J. S. Twinem, Medicine and Surgery.

Twinem Building, East Fifth Street, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

Office Phone 188. Residence Phone 282. Hospital Phone 110.

## NOW OPEN!

## The New Twinem Hospital

For the Treatment of Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical Cases.

719 West Fifth Street. Phone 110.

## Notice to Creditors.

Estate No. 1748 of Mary Hansen, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is September 4, 1926, and for settlement of said Estate is April 30, 1927; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 4, 1926, at 10 o'clock a. m., and on September 4, 1926, at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Wm. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

## Notice to Creditors.

Estate No. 1750 of Mary Norris, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is September 4th 1926, and for settlement of said Estate is April 30th 1927; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 4th 1926, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on September 4th 1926, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Wm. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

DR. REDFIELD Physician, Obstetrician Surgeon, X-Ray Calls Promptly Answered Night or Day Phone Office 642 Residence 676

ALBERT A. LANE, Dentist Rooms 1 and 2 Belton Building North Platte, Nebraska

DR. L. J. KRAUSE, DENTIST McDonald Bank Bldy. Phone 37.

HIDES, FURS AND JUNK. CAST IRON AND BONES. We want these. Big Price for Cast Iron. Dry Bones \$10 to \$12 ton L. LIPSHITZ.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA. In the Matter of the Determination of Heirship in the Estate of Arthur F. Layton, Deceased.

NOTICE. NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS INTERESTED IN THE ESTATE OF ARTHUR F. LAYTON, DECEASED, BOTH HEIRS AND CREDITORS THEREOF:

You will take notice that on the 23rd day of April, 1926, Ray E. Gifford and Lula K. Gifford and John C. Hutton filed their petition in the county Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, alleging that Arthur F. Layton died intestate on the 17th day of April, 1899, and that at the time of his death he was a resident of Lincoln County, Nebraska; and that at that time he owned one-half of an undivided two-thirds interest in the Northwest quarter (NW $\frac{1}{4}$ ) of Section Twenty-one (21), Township Twenty-three (23) Range Fifty-six (56), West of the 6th Principal Meridian, in Scotts Bluff County, Nebraska; and alleging that they, the said Ray E. Gifford and Lula K. Gifford are the present owners of the East seventy-five (75) acres of said above described land, and that John G. Hutton is the present owner of the West eighty-five (85) acres of said described land; and that no petition or application has ever been filed for the appointment of an administrator of said estate, either by his heirs or by any person or persons claiming to be the creditors of said deceased.

And the prayer of said petition is that the court shall fix a time for hearing of said petition and make an order as to the time and place of hearing of said petition, and that upon the hearing of said petition, it shall be determined that more than two years have elapsed since the time of the death of said deceased, and that he died intestate, on April 17, 1899, seized of an estate of inheritance in this State; and that no application has been made in the State of Nebraska, for the appointment of an administrator of the estate of said deceased; and that he left as his sole and only heirs, his mother, Herry Layton, and his brother Louis B. Layton, each of whom were entitled to a one-half interest in his estate; and that all debts of said Arthur F. Layton have been fully paid; and that all creditors of said estate, and claims against it be and are forever barred.

You are notified that the said petition has been set for hearing on the 25th day of May, 1926, at 10 o'clock A. M. in the office of the County Judge in and for Lincoln County, Nebraska, at North Platte, Nebraska.

Wm. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

## NOTICE.

To Elsie S. Hoy, Harry A. Hoy, Doris Hoy, his wife; Ruberta E. Von Goetz and Victor Von Goetz, her husband; Alta B. Eastman and Charles H. Eastman her husband; William A. Hoy; and Loreta I. Hoy a minor and Elsie S. Hoy, mother and natural guardian of Loreta I. Hoy, a minor and all other persons interested in the estate of Frank P. Hoy, deceased.

You and each of you, are hereby notified that there was filed on March 26th, 1926, in the district Court in and for Lincoln County, Nebraska, by A. E. Jared, executor of the estate of Frank P. Hoy, deceased, a certain petition, the object and prayer of which are that an order be issued by the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, authorizing A. E. Jared, as executor of the estate of Frank P. Hoy, deceased, to execute his certain good and sufficient deed of conveyance conveying to one Lester H. Joy the fee simple title to the east half (E $\frac{1}{2}$ ) of the North west quarter (NW $\frac{1}{4}$ ) and the east half (E $\frac{1}{2}$ ) of the South west quarter (SW $\frac{1}{4}$ ) of section 19, and the east half (E $\frac{1}{2}$ ) of the south west quarter (SW $\frac{1}{4}$ ) and lots 3 and 4 all in section 18, all in Township 16 North of Range 26 West of the 6th P. M., Lincoln County, Nebraska, upon the payment to him by the said Lester H. Joy, of the sum of \$2860.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 5 per cent from March 1st, 1926 being the balance due in accordance with the provisions and terms of a certain contract of sale executed by the said Frank P. Hoy during his life time and in accordance with the prayer of said petition, said matter has been set for hearing by order of the District Court, of Lincoln County, Nebraska, for May 14, 1926, at the office of H. M. Grimes, Judge of the District Court, of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at which time, you and each of you, may appear and show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted as prayed.

A. E. JARED, Executor of the estate of Frank P. Hoy, deceased.

By Beeler, Crosby & Baskins, His Attorneys. M54 MY 437-4

## FARM LOANS

I have the Money on hand to close loans promptly.

Real Estate Mortgages Bought and Sold

T. C. PATTERSON Loan Broker Building & Loan Building

DOCTOR C. A. SELBY Physician and Surgeon Office over Rexall Drug Store Office Phone 371. House 1068

GEO. B. DENT, Physician and Surgeon. Special Attention Given to Surgery and Obstetrics. Office: Building & Loan Building Phone: Office 130, Residence 116

JOHN S. SIMMS, M. D. Special Attention Given to Surgery McDonald Bank Building Office Phone 88 Residence 88

Office phone 241. Res. phone 217 L. C. DROST, Osteopathic Physician. North Platte, Nebraska. Knights of Columbus Building

Office Phone 340 Res. Phone 1237 DR. SHAFFER, Osteopathic Physician Belton Bldg. North Platte, Neb Phone for Appointments.

DRS. STATES & STATES Chiropractors 5, 6, 7 Building & Loan Building. Office Phone 70. Res. Phone 1242

DOCTOR D. T. QUIGLEY Practice Limited to Surgery and Radium Therapy 728 City National Bank Building. Omaha, Nebraska.

## Gamble with Springer.

THE CHAIN SYSTEM No. 1, 220 North Locust, Phone 203. No. 2, 116 East B Street, Phone 496. No. 3, 621 East Fourth, Phone 971. No. 4, 824 West Third, Phone No. 75.

## AUTO LIVERY.

Romigh Garage. Phone 844 Day Call. Phone 1270 Commercial Hotel Night Call. Taxi Service.

DEBBYBERRY & FORBES. Licensed Embalmers Undertakers and Funeral Directors Day phone 41 Night phone Black 588

Notice of Final Report. Estate No. 1702 of Mary A. Simants, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate take notice that the Administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which has been set for hearing before said court on May 14, 1926, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated April 17, 1926. Wm. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

A20-3wk

Legal Notice. J. Beckwith is hereby notified that the Omaha Van and Storage Co., will sell at 2 o'clock p. m., on May 13th, on lot 7, block 2, Peniston's Addition to the city of North Platte, the following goods left in storage by him, and upon which there is due as storage costs the sum of \$82.00, together with accruing costs to wit: sofa, 4 bed rails, tool box, 2 rockers, 2 chairs, crate of glass, crate marble, bundle of bed slats, 2 bed ends, 2 bed springs, stove and a dresser.

Omaha Van & Storage Co. Extension Road No. 77.

To whom it may concern: The special commissioner appointed to locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the NE corner of section 20, township 14 north, range 30 west and running thence north 30 feet between Sec's 16 and 17 said township and range 60 chs. to the SW corner of NW $\frac{1}{4}$  of Section 16 said township and range to connect with extension of Road No. 107, this road to be 66 feet wide, and to be an extension of Road No. 77, has reported in favor of the same.

Anyone having objections thereto, or claims for damages by reason of the establishment of the above road must file same on or before twelve o'clock noon of the 25th day of June 1926.

Dated at the County Clerk's office in North Platte, Nebraska, this 16th day of April 1926.

A. S. ALLAN, County Clerk.